WILHITES'

ARCTIC SODA

BETTER THAN EVER!

Twenty-Five Tickets

For \$1.00.

When you come to the City, and wish a good, cooling,

Sarsaparilla, Vanilla, Orgeat. True to name, and of best

25 TICKETS FOR \$1.00

Good for either Soda, Vichy or Congress Water. Congress Water relieves Headache and Dyspepsia, and is one of the best mineral waters sold.

THE CELEBRATED

NEW ORLEANS MEAD SYRUP

The best Syrup in the City. Call for it at

WILHITE & WILHITE.

"Go Tell all the People for Miles Around!"

JOHN M. HUBBARD & BRO.

ARE PREPARED TO SELL MORE JEWELRY. MORE WATCHES, MORE SILVERWARE, MORE CLOCKS, &C. AT PRICES MORE TO YOUR NOTION. THAN EVER BEFORE.

EVERYTHING in the shape of a Watch, Clock or Jewelry thoroughly repaired
Feb 5, 1885

BOW

To our Friends and Customers who have so liberally patronized us in the past. We desire to return thanks, and offer our usual Spring and Summer Greeting !

WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS GENERAL MERCHANDISE, PLANTATION SUPPLIES FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

-- BENSON HOUSE COLNER WE ARE AGENTS FOR

Daniel Pratt Gin Co.'s Gins, Feeders and Condensers.
Barbour Machine Co.'s Cotton Seed and Grain Crusher.
Empire Threshers, Engines and Saw Mills.
Champion Reapers, Mowers and Binders—the world-renowned Harvesting Machines, which have been sold and used in Anderson and adjoining Counties for the past en years, and for durability and economy there is none to compare with the Champion.
We would also mention the Count's Home-made 7-Fingered Grain Cradie—a South Carolina production—of which we sold during the season of 1834 several dozen by way of introduction, and have made arrangements to furnish them this season again to all zho may desire a good home-made Cradie.
Our "While Hickory" one and two-horse Wagons are well known throughout this country, and speak their own praise.
The Thomas Smoothing Harrow and Perfected Pulverizer is an implement that should be on every farm. They can be used for cultivating crops of Corn and Cotton, well as in the preparation of the land for planting and sowing. Call and see them.
The "Wixon" Patent Heel Sweep is growing in favor every day. Invented and manufactured in Georgia. Used and recommended by the late J. C. Furnian, the great intensive farmer of Georgia. The blades being adjustable and easily changed, make it a theap and desirable Sweep. We are taking orders for future delivery, and would ask you to call and examine it.

We also sell the Mishawaka Sulky and Walking Turn Plows in all sizes, The best Chewing Tobacco in the market, made by S. W. Vensble, of Petersburg, Ya., embracing the celebrated brands of "Blue Jeans." "Rapidan," "True Blue" and Florimel." A trial saked—a good chew guaranteed. Other makes and grades also on hand.

McCULLY, CATHCART & CO.

FISHING TACKLE,

HOOKS and LINES

OF ALL KINDS AT

SIMPSON, REID & CO.'S

DRUC STORE,

Waverly House Corner, Anderson, S. C. April 22, 1895

COMING TO TOWN.

Arp Pays His Old Friends a Visit. A man can live in the country until he gets clear behind the age, and when he goes to a big city like Atlanta or New York, he don't know how to behave himself with becoming dignity. There are new folks and new ways and new methods. I visited Atlanta the other day for the first time in months, and I am afraid I first time in months, and I am afraid I never will catch up. I inquired for a friend and was told he was on the fifth floor of the Fitten building. So I went there and climbed up all the stairs, and my knees were weak an I shaky by the time I got to his room, and I was so tired in y knees were weak and shaky by the time I got to his room, and I was so tired I could hardly say "howdy," and he asked me why I didn't take the elevator. Well, I dident know there was one nor how to find it. So when I got through my business he showed me the thing, but it all look'd so curious I went back the way I came up and we there head to the way I came up and was thankfui. Then I went over to the Constitution office to commenced going down, down, down until it struck bottom, and I was let out and commenced hunting around for Harris. Iffound him hid away up there, and he poked out his off-hand and said "howdy," and kept his seat like he was glued to it. I think he is fastened to it somehow, and I have since heard it was the rule of the company that no dilterial. sometimes sad. when you come to the City, and wish a good, cooling, refreshing glass of Soda, Vichy or Congress Water, go to the rule of the company that no editor is to give up his seat under any pretext, for if they gave it up to every caller they would never have time to write anything, and so the paper wouldn't come out in the morning. There was but one chair in the room, and Harris was fastened to that. I told him I was awful tired, and he motioned me to a seat on the waste basket. A basket is the good thing to sit in or set in, but it is the poorest thing to sit on I ever tried. I endeavored to enjoy it for about two minutes and then I retired in good order, which, of course was what was expected. Next I visited Grady's room and he, too, was glued to a some heard it was the rule of the company that no editor is to give up his seat under any pretext, for if they gave it up to every caller they would never have time to write anything, and so the paper wouldn't come out in the morning. There was but one chair in the room, and Harris was fastened to to give up his seat under any pretext, for if they gave it up to every caller they would never have time to write anything, and so the paper wouldn't come out in the morning. There was but one chair in the room, and Harris was fastened to give up his seat under any pretext, for if they gave it up to every caller they would never have time to write anything, and so the paper wouldn't come out in the morning. There was but one chair in the room and Harris was fastened to the new buggy whip and the next time he came round sale mother's room and she had run through his to give up his seat under any pretext, for it the world and so when he came round again whe new buggy whip and the next time he came round she gave him no tinglike right on him, and so when he came round she into a very world and the motioned to give up his seat under any pretext, for it the moving. There was but one chair in the room angular time he are time he are time he are the new buggy whip and the next lime he was what was expected. Next I visited Grady's room and he, too, was glued to a chair. How they get loose when they go to dinner I don't know, but I think those chairs have a patent fixing underneath, and when dinner time comes, then Evan Howell, the president, touches a wire and that loosens up the boys all over the house. Evan keeps a lot of chairs in his room for he is the entertainer and is expected to keep up the social relations. expected to keep up the social relations He goes up on the elevator but always

He goes up on the elevator but always slides down on the stair railing for exercise. Everything seems to be reduced to a system about that building.

Next I wanted to see a friend on the other side of town, and when I inquired where I could find him they told me to use the telephone, and pointed it out. I slipped up cautiously on the thing and was about to whisper in the little trumpet fixing when a likely lad laughed at me, and told me to put that to my ear and to talk through the keyhole. Well, I gave it up in despair and asked him to talk for me, which he did very politely, and never charged me a cent. Well, it saved me a long walk in the rain, and my time was precious, and so I hurried down to a bank to get a little ten dollar check cashed and the bank man was young and pretty and dident know me, and said I would have to be identified. I saw two or three more handsome young uns in there and looked straight at them. would have to be identified. I saw two or three more handsome young uns in there, and looked straight at them all, but they made no sign, and so I went to another bank, and poked the check through a little hole with a glass shelf, and the young man looked at it and motioned me to git further. So I went to the next hole, and another young man looked at it and motioned me to go around the corner. So I tried the next one, and he motioned me further on, and so I kept going until I had tried them all, and got to the last one. He was young and pretty too, just like all the others, and he looked at the sheek on both sides.

On the next day the entor made a scurrilous attack on Mackey and as sailed his mother, an excellent lady, distinguished for her piety, residing in Washington. On the same evening as Consul Mackey entered the theatre he was confronted by Amorim with an uplifted stick. Mackey at once struck him a heavy blow in the face with his walk-ing cane. His assailant drew his pictol, but before he could fire the Consul of the German Empire, repaired to a police magistrate and surrendered himself. Amorim, whose wounds proved and he looked at the check on both sides, and then looked at me and handed the paper back, and said: "Don't know you. You must get somebody to identify you." With humility and address. you." With humility and eadness I started out in the rain to find some old man, Dr. Joe Thempson, or Judge Ezzard or Uncle Jack Neal—some of my sort of folks—some patriarch of age and infirmity, who has not forgotten the friends of his youth, and as I was about to make my exit I heard a familiar voice calling me by name, and he said: "Major, major, come back here, I know you," and so I found a friend and got my money; but it all reminded me of a fact, a solemn feet, and that is the young man are supported.

fact, and that is, the young men are run-ning the machine now, and we old folks ning the machine now, and we old folks are passing away.

Then I went to one of Atlanta's great big stores to get Mrs. Arp some shoes—number 2 shoes. Mrs. Arp used to wear one and a half, but she has got more common sense now and wears two's, and while I was waiting to be waited on a fellow kept looking at me pretty hard, and every time I looked around he was watching me. So I concluded he was and every time I looked around he was watching me. So I concluded he was the detective that was kept in that store and I stood farther back from the counter. Pretty soon a friend came up and recognized me and then the detective went off about his business. I bought a beautiful pair of kid gloves and shoes for five dollars, for you see Mrs. Arp's birthday is close at hand and if I could have found anything nicer in the way of shoes I would have bought them. The clerk showed me some slippers and said they showed me some slippers and said they were selling them at five cents a pair. I thought he was joking and told him to put me up a thousand pair and he backed right down and said they didn't have that many. Well I bought one pair anyhow and that shows how little I think

of myself. Five dollars for shoes for Mrs. Arp and five cents for shoes for me. Well, that is just about the difference, for she is a hundred times more deserving than I am.

Well, in due time I left the great city and have come home, where there are no elevators nor telephones not ironclad banks. Where I can sit in my plazza and rest my weary feet upon my banisters and holler howdy to the nabors as they pass and repass. I don't have to be identified here and can strut around and play king and patriarch and smoke my pass and repass. I don't have to identified here and can strut around and play king and patriarch and smoke my pipe in person. There isn't but one story to my house—nobody hiding away up in a garret with one chair and a basket—no detectives perusing around—no locks nor bars nor bolts. I hear the peaceful children frolicking now. They have come from school and are hauling the buggy around. Two pull and two ride and then they swap horses and try it again. It is Mrs. Arp's buggy, and she says she just knows they will let it get away and roll down the hill to the spring and get broken up again. Well, they are her children and grandchildren, and so I don't interfere. Schnetimes when she wants me to pusish them I take great comfort in telling her they are her children and she ought to look after them. The great trouble with parents is that only one traits to whip at a time. When I want to whip then Mrs. Arp begs for the committee died, and there was great dauger of the results of the swanderful test being lost to the world. Fortunately, two of the members of the committee kept faithful watch on the case, and when the children were six years old brought them, with their nurse, into a meeting of the "savanta." Every member was on the diptoe of expectation as to the result. Not one word could either of the children utter; their only form of language was a wonderfully good imitation of the crowing of a cock or cackling of a hen, or the bleating of a sheep. The predictions of science were totally upset by a practical experiment.

—A fifty acre peach orchard at West Point, Ga., has yielded \$75,000 worth of fruit since 1881.

—Eleven National Banks, twenty-two State Banks, cleven Savings Banks and twenty-seven private banking institutions falled last year.

for them, for she expects me to, and so this lack of union is a blessed thing for the children, and saves them many a liking. Mrs. Arp don't whip often, but off younger of the children understand. Her promises never come due, and are, therefore, never performed. They are to get a thousand whippings some time away off yonder. The grown up ones hold her due bills now. Mrs. Arp has got a room. Every good mother has a room, a room that is hers. It is her castle, her palace and her prison. She lives in this room. and her prison. She lives in that room and sews and knits and reads and nurses her brains in sickness and in health. Tis there she holds her courts and settles infantile disputes and gives smiles and frowns and sighs, a motherly queen over her little household. It is there she dreams of the happy days of her child-

hood and ponders over the past and dwells in a sweet and sad memories over ber own dear kindred who are dead and gone, and over her children who are up gone, and over her children who are up youder waiting for her to come. It is there she keeps the dear old trunk that has got many a little treasured relic in it, a lock of golden hair, a tiny shoe, a ring, a locket or something. This room is almost sacred; not quite, for we all intrude upon it, but it is hers—emphatically hers, and it must not be made too common for it is several to her neces and common, for it is sacred to her peace and dignity and when the children run over the house and frolic they must not run in there and they know it, for sometimes she is sick and sometimes tired and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes and sometimes and sometimes and sometimes and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes and sometimes and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes and sometimes and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes are sometimes and sometimes and sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes and sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes are sometimes.

But the other day Carl forgot himself and was playing tag in the house and two or three times he had run through his hid away) and gave him some ginger-bread and told him to run some more if be wanted, but not to run some more if he wanted, but not to run so hard. Whipping does hurt a child mighty bad. I used to think it would kill me, for I had a tender hide. But it did me good, I know, and I havent gone back on Solomon yet. But I am afraid that some of my married children have.

BILL ARP.

Like Father, Like Son.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The Department of State received to day 1 report from Mr. Osborn, Minister to Brazil, in regard to the arrest and imprisonment of Beckford Mackey, United States Consul at Rio Grande do Sul, Guatemala. Consul Mackey has also written a letter to his relatives here giving an account of his relatives here giving an account of the difficulty.

It appears that Mackey had for many

weeks been violently assailed for no as-certained cause in the columns of a newspaper at Rio Grande do Sul. The editor, Mr. Amorim, sent Mackey a note by a messenger on April 13th, processing that if he subscribed for the pape. it would cease to attack him. He declined the offer and kicked the messenger out of his office. On the next death the subscribed for the paper. office. On the next day the editor made a scurrilous attack on Mackey and as-

police magistrate and surrendered him-self. Amorim, whose wounds proved not to be severe, then arrived at the head of an armed band of ruffians and demanded that Mackey should be sur-rendered to him. The police officers were overawed and fled, but Mackey drew his pistol and kept the mob at bay for a few minutes, when a number of citizens, headed by the German Consul, arrived and rescued him from his assail-ants, who were advancing with knives ants, who were advancing with knives

Mackey is held a prisoner as the offense is not ballable. All the foreign consuls have visited him in a body and have signed a statement justifying his action, while hundreds of leading citizens have tendered him their aid and a leading lawyer of that province has volunteered for his defense. His trial will take place next week

Our Natural Language.

A few years ago a acciety of eminent men in Paris discussed the question: "What language would a child naturally speak if never taught?" The devout Catholics were of the opinion that the Hebrew language would be spoken in these circumstances

One scientist was of the opinion that some form of the Chinese language would be the natural tongue. Twenty different results were predicted. At last it was decided to test the mat-

ter, and a committee was appointed to carry out the experiment. carry out the experiment.

Two infants were procured and put in the charge of a deaf and dumb woman who lived in the Alps, and made a living by rearing chickens and tending sheep.

The woman was given strict injunctions to allow no one to speak to these children, and as her cottage was some miles distant from any neighbor, the circumstinces surrounding the experiment were very favorable.

Lears rolled on, and many of the

Years rolled on, and many of the the interesting experiment. Some mem-bers of the committee died, and there

JOHN C. CALHOUN'S FAMILY.

The famous Southern sts esman at his death left seven children, all of whom are now dead. Andrew Pickens, his eldest son, was a man of great practical talent and energy. Like all the others, his childhood was principally passed at Fort Hill. He was graduated from the South Carolina College at Columbia, and immediately married a Miss Chappell, of Abbeville. She died at the end of a few nonths, and some time after he married Abbeville. Margaret, daughter of Gen. Duff Green, a friend of his father. Mr. Calhoun settled his son on a plantation in Alabama, and a number of the family servants accompanied the young couple to their new home. Here they remained for about twenty years, until a few years, before the war of the States, when the health of Mrs. A. P. Calhoun gave way before the war of the States, when the health of Mrs. A. P. Calhoun gave way and the physicians declared that he could not live in that climate. Mr. Celhous then returned with his family in Fort Hill. His mother gave up tl.s property into his hands and he made that place his home. His faith in the success of the Southern Confederacy was such that he sold his Alabama plantation for \$100.000 and invested the whole amount \$100,000 and invested the whole amount in Confederate bonds. Toward the close of the war he retired one evening in his usual robust health, but was attacked during the night with apoplexy, dying before a physician could arrive. He liez buried on a thickly wooded hill, near the Fort Hill house, which commands a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, under the shadow of which so large a part of his life had been passed. life had been passed.

Seven children were left surviving

him, of whom but three are now living.

Auna Calhoun, eldest daughter of the
Senator, was the special companion and
favorite of her father. She was a brilliant and beautiful womau. None extered er presence without being sensible of the fascination of her manner. It was merely a matter of course that she should be a belle in Washington society. At an early age she married Mr. Thomas G. Clemson, and accompanied him to Europe, he having obtained the appointment of Minister to Belgium. Returning to this country of the second of the seco

Europe, he naving obtained the appointment of Minister to Belgium. Returning to this country after some years, they purchased an estate near Washington, and there resided during the war. Mrs. Clemson lost several children in infancy. Her only son then sarviving joined the Southern army.

At the close of the war the Clemson family were reunited at the home of Mrs. John C. Calhoun, in South Carolina. There Mrs. Clemson's only surviving daughter was married to Mr. Gideon Lee, of New York. In her the talent of the Senator showed more clearly than in any other of his descendants. A year and a half after her marriage she died, leaving an infant daughter who bears her name, Floride. A few weeks after this sad event Calhoun Clemson, then the only remaining child of the family, was killed by a railroad accident, and Mrs. Clemson was left childless. To her death came as suddenly as to her elder brother. Like suddenly as to her elder brother. Like him, and in the same house at Fort Hill, an apoplectic attack ended her life before assistance could arrive. She lies buried

Patrick at the present day. No contrast could be greater than that presented by the personal appearance of these two the personal appearance of these two brothers. Andrew was a man of com-manding statue, and broad in full pro-portion. His eyes and hair were dark, and his features strongly marked. Pat-rick was rather below medium height, very slender and delicate-looking, while his hair and eyes were light colored.

After some years of fashionable life in

Washington, symptoms of consumption showed themselves. and Patrick Calhoun was ordered by his physicans to the more genial temperature of Charleston, S. C. There he remained for a few weeks without improvement, and then was carried to his mother's home in the upper part of the State. It soon became evident that his days were numbered. His last thoughts and wishes appeared to centre in making arrangements for his mother's comfort. Hawas huried at the Old Stone. comfort. He was buried at the Old Stone Church of Revolutionary history. Some time after his remains were removed to church of Revolutionary history. Some time after his remains were removed to the churchyard of the Episcopalians in the town of Pendleton, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory. Martha Cornelia was Mr. Calhoun's second daughter. When about twelve years old she fell from a swing and never recovered from the injury. Thereafter sine graw no more, and her form was bent. In addition to this misfortune sho was deaf. Her father was especially attached to her and always showed her the greatest tenderness on account of her misfortunes. Her disposition was amiable and her manners kindly and pleasing. She it was who remained with her mother all her life, while the sons and elder daughter, each in turn, were attracted elsewhere.

her life, while the sons and elder daughter, each in turn, were attracted elsewhere. After a most harmless and inoffensive life she died, before the war, and lies buried by the side of several of her brothers and her mother and sister, in the churchyard of Pendleton, S. C.

Dr. John C. Calhoun was the third son of the Senator. He received his medical education in Philadelphia, and soon after being graduated there married the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Jasper Adams. It was at this time that the health of John C. Calhoun failed, and he discerned the approach of death; Dr. Calhoun went to Washington to attend his father, and there watched over him both as son and physician.

his fortune in that new country, but, like so many other adventurers, succeeded only in spending what he had. Consumption, the family scourge, soon claimed him. He died in youth in California, and there lies buried.

William Lowndes, fifth and youngest of Mr. Calhoun's sons, was educated in Columbia at the South Carolina College. He thore formed an attachment for Miss Margaret Cloud, of Winnsboro', then at school in that city. The Senator was school in that city. The Senator was accustomed to say that he would never cross the affections of any of his children. and he never made fortune an object with regard to the marriage of any of them. The only conditions upon which he in-sisted were a due education and social sisted were a due education and social position, and none of his children ever wishes to trangress these limits. This lady died within a short time of her marriage. Like his brothers, William Calhoun married again, and like them, while still young, he showed symptoms of consumption. His decline was very rapid, and in a few weeks he died at Abboville, leaving a widow and infant child. He was burried at the Stone Church by the side of his brother Patrick Church by the side of his brother Patrick and his remains also were afterward removed to the Episcopal gravayard, where so many of this family rest togeth-er. We believe that his son of the same name, still survives.

A writer in Scribner's Magazine has stated that Fort Hill was burned. That is a mistake: the house still stands unchanged from what it was in the days of the Senature.

Sharpers and Their Victims.

"The slickest piece of work in the way of a fraud conducted through the mails that has come to my attention recently," remarked Chief Inspector Clark, of the Postoffice Department, to a Star reporter is what we call the bogus medicine dodge. The ingenious author of this scheme now languishes in jail, but at the same time he showed himself to be a man of no mean order of ability. His plan was to send out circulars announcing a great cure for catarth, which was discovered by himself after many years of study and investigation. He then proceeds to give, without cost, the pre-scription for this wonderful medicine and enumerates twelve ingredients, which enter into its composition. At the end of the circular is a note which states that if the druggist does not happen to have all these ingredients that the prescription will be filled and forwarded upon the receipt of \$3. The person receiving the circular and desirous of trying the remedy takes the prescription to the drugstore, but is told by the druggist that he has three of the ingredients, but not the other nine. He looks through his book, but fails to find even their pages, and so other nine. He looks through his book, but fails to find even their names, and so, of course, he is unable to furnish the desired medicine. The discoverer of the remedy is applied to and if the \$3 has been furnished a bottle of some mixture is sent on, which, of course, is entirely worthless."

"That is one phase of the case," continued the inspector "Now the man

tinued the inspector. "Now the man prepares and causes to be published in some paper in New York City an article about the prominent doctors of New York City, with a portrait of each and a sketch-rights were account of the life. assistance could arrive. She lies buried in the graveyard of the Episcopal Church at Pendleton, S. C., the church nearest to Fort Hill.

Patrick Calhoun was the second son of the late J. C. Calhoun. At an early age he obtained an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. There he remained the usual term, and was graduated with honor. He was then appointed an aide to Gen. Gaines, and became one of the leading beaux of Washington society. We believe that he was never ordered upon active service. He never matried. Between the brothers, Andrew and Patrick, there was a special attachment. One surviving son of Mr. Andrew Calhoun bears the name of Patrick at the present day. No contrast could be greater than that presented by the personal appearance of the services of each. All the men men in the profession, with the exception of a man whose name is, say, Dr. Hart. He is unknown, but the sketch states that he left a practice of \$25,000 per year to devote himself to the practice of his specialty—catarrh. The bogus medicine man then procures a large number of copies of this paper, and marking the pictures of Dr. Hart and the sketch sends copies, together with their circular, broadcast throughout the country. In consequence he receives an immense mail, and large numbers of money orders and registered but the presented by the personal appearance of the term of a man whose name is, say, Dr. Hart. He is unknown, but the sketch states that he left a practice of \$25,000 per year to devote himself to the practice of his specialty—catarrh. The bogus medicine man then procures a large number of copies of this paper, and marking the pictures of Dr. Hart and the sketch sends copies, together with the sketch sends co that no more money orders and registered letters should be delivered to Dr. Hart, \$3,000 accumulated in the Brooklyn post office that had been sent to him. When an attempt was made to find Dr. Hart, of course no such a man could be discovered; but a sign over a door at the advertised number was found, and that was all. A Dr. Lawrence occupied the same rooms, and to him the mail was delivered, and when he was told the letters could not be given to him, as he was not Dr. Hart, he went off and got a power of attorney by which Dr. Hart authorized him to receive the mail. About this time, however, the officers came in and relieved him of further annoyance about his mail matter. This same man was managing some other scheme under the name of Lawrence, while his real name was Gonnolly. He must have made a great deal of money, as one of the witnesses in the trial testified that he had been offered \$2,000 to personate Dr. Hart."

"It is a singular thing." observed the

is one of the witnesses in the trial testified that he had been offered \$2,000 to personate Dr. Hart.

"It is a singular thing," observed the Colonelas he looked reflectively out of a his office window, "how these offers to give something for nothing take with the people, at "how rogues fatten upon the redulity he public. There is another credulity he public. There is another and the redulity he public there is another and the redulity he public. There is another and the publicity that no one would now be decived by it. I mean the counterfeit money dodge, where men propose to forth ward a large amount of counterfeit money by express or mail on the receipt of a laminal amount of genuine money to pay for the manufacture. Usually all that the victim receives in return is a box filled with sawdust. But a recent operation as a samal town in a country district and then sends out his lotters. He does not offer to forward the counterfeit money that he victim receives in return is a box filled with sawdust. But a recent operation as a samal town in a country district and then sends out his lotters. He does not offer to forward the counterfeit money, but invites persons to visit him and inspect his stock and buy what they wish. When the visitor arrives the operator has a large quantity of good bills, which he shows him and allows him to examine. It is order, however, to avoid outside interingence of the world, inflicts from the visitor of the world, the world is persons, who would he will take and what price is took and buy what they wish. When the will take and what price is the world outside first and the visitor examiness it and determines he was a large quantity of good bills, which the woods where the business proceeds. The operator produces his money and the visitor examiness it and determines he will take and what price is to be paid. Just as they are about to the rice of the world

SENSIBLE ADVICE. A Few Words to Girls.

Mr. John Siegel in the Phrenological Journal for May. A lady of intelligence and observation has remarked, "I wish I could impress upon the minds of the girls that the chief end of woman is to marry young."

If girls only could be brought to believe that their chances for a happy marriage were better after twenty-five than before, there would be much less misery in the world than there now is. To be sure they might not have so many one sure, they might not have so many op-portunities to marry after that age as be

fore, but as they do not need to marry but one at a time, it is necessary that one should be satisfactory. As a girl grows older, if she thinks at all, she certainly becomes more capable of judging what would make her happy than when

what would make her happy than when younger.

How many girls of twenty would think of accepting the man they would gladly have married at sixteen? At thirty a woman who is somewhat independent, and not over anxious to marry, is much harder to please and more careful in her choice than one of twenty. There is good reason for this. Her mind has improved with her years, and she now

good reason for this. Her mind has improved with her years, and she now looks beyond mere appearance in judging of men. She is apt to inquire if this man, who is so very polite in company, is really kind-hearted? Do his polite actions spring from a happy, genial nature? or is his attractive demeanor put on for the occasion, and laid off at home as he lays of his coat?

A very young girl takes it for granted that men are always as she sees them in society, polite, friendly, ead on their cod behavior. If she marries early in lite the one who happens to please, her fancy, she learns to her sorrow that in nine cases out of ten a man in society and a man at home are widely different and a man at home are widely differen beings. Five years at that period of life produce a great change in opinions and feelings. We frequently come to detest at twenty-five what we admired at sixteen. We advance from the taffy candy and peanut age to the era of gum-drops and marron glaces, and even in later years lose our yearnings for those dain-ties. At sixteen, the Ledger and Mrs. Southworth are the delight of a girl's

heart, and she fairly revels in the love affairs of the most beautiful of women with the most heroic of men, while their hairbreadth escapes thrill her heart, and their sorrows bring tears to her eyes. As she grows older, if she develops at all, that style of reading gradually loses its charm, and she finds satisfaction in somecharm, and she finds satisfaction in some-thing more solid, till at length her taste has changed entirely, and useful and in-structive works from the staple of her reading. Of course she continues to read novels, but she prefers those of a differ-ent and grander class than she perused with such exquisite delight at sixteen. Similar changes take place in the mor-al and spiritual nature. Why should we feel the same toward persons in after life.

feel the same toward persons in after life, when we have learned to distinguish between the false and true, the bad and good, any more than we should like dime novels after we have become acquainted with Dickens, Thackeray and Shakspeare? How few comparatively of the school-girl friendships extend into later life? How few of our companions in society do we love as well after twenty years have passed. How few even of our own brothers and sisters, in whom our own brothers and sisters, in whom we do not see faults we could wish eradicated. Considering this, how is it possible for one to feel surprised when a couple who marry in their teens grow to love each other less as years roll by? When both grow alike, whether it be rapidly or slowly, forward or backward, there is some hope of their ever seeing each other with the same eyes; but when one progresses and the other retrogrades a difference savings whether grades, a difference springs up between them, and in time one looks down upon the other with a feeling of superiority, perhaps unconfessed, but still there; while the other, unable to perceive the real cause of the trouble, grows at length to dislike what was once loved. And thus it happens that those who loved at sixteen are indifferent at twenty-five, and sometimes divorced at thirty. This trouble would never occur if very early marriages were frowned upon; if dispo-sitions, tastes and circumstances were consulted instead of mere passing fancy, and girls were encouraged to wait till their minds were matured and they saw life with a clear vision. If later mar-

riages were more universal, it might prevent many from marrying at all; but it would be to those whom it were best should never marry—for instance, the slack and thriftless, the coarse, the termagant or the cold. Those who have the elements of unhappiness within them, and who care not to eradicate them, would then be discovered, for such things, like weeds, if left to grow, discover themselves in time.

it would have been nearer the truth if it had been written "injustice" instead of compliment. Here is an instance: A young man decides that he has reached an age when it would be well for him to take a wife and settle down. He has just started in life, and has enough to furnish a house plainly and comfortably. He and all his friends think the best thing he can do is to marry. He looks thing he can do is to marry. He looks around for a wife. Does he look for one in the same station with himself? For one who is earning her own living, who has had experience in the school of economy, who has had a hard struggle and has come off conqueror, and would economy, who has had a hard struggle and has come off conqueror, and would be a true helpmate to him, and who wants a helpmate for herself? No. He goes into society and looks around for the best and most attractive girl he can find. He meets a beautiful young lady, delicately brought up, fashionably educated, amiable, confiding and helpless. He is charmed and decides she is the one he would like to marry. There his one he would like to marry. There his reasoning stops. He "makes love," of course, and "compliments" her with the offer of his hand.

course, and "compinments" her with the offer of his hand.

But if he would look on the other side for a moment, and ask himself why he wants that beautiful girl, graceful, intelligent and lovely, he would be forced to reply: "I want her to cook; make my beds, clean my house, darn my hose, watch longingly for my return, put up with my ill-humors, economize in every particular for my benefit, be the mother of my children, and bring them up properly; and in return for this I will support her, allow her to bear my name, and when she dies I'll give her a Christian burial." Now, if he looked squarely at this side of the question, he would not be likely to feel that he was doing such a very complimentary thing, nor go about it so complacently. And if the young lady saw the realistic side, without the gloss and roseate hue of poetry, she would not consider that she had been so very highly complimented by the offer. very highly complimented by the offer.
Young ladies who happen to marry
late should pear in mind that if they get
a good hustand they have done well by a good hustand they have done well by waiting; and if they get a bad one it is proof they did not wait long enough. If they never marry at all they may console themselves with the thought that they have escaped a world of trouble, and that there are always some married women who envied their lot.

The Year 1.000.

It was believed in the Middle Ages that the world would come to an end at the expiration of one thousand years of the era. This expectation in Christian countries was universal. The year 1,000 was a year of suspense, terror and awe. The histories of this dark period give vivid accounts and incidents of the state of the people under the influence of this awful apprehension. A writer in hinday at Home reproduces the picture with much distinctness, and relates an incident of the manner that the hours were numbered on the supposed final night of that year, which might aptly suggest a dramatic subject for a poet.

When the last day of the year 999 dawned the madness had attained its height. All work of whatever kind was suspended. The market places were deserted. The shops were shut, the

suspended. The market places were deserted. The shops were shut. The tables were not spread for meals; the very bousehold fire remained unlit. Men, when they met in the streets, scarcely saw or spoke to one another. Their eyes had a wild stare in them, as though they expected every moment some terrible manifestation to take place.

Silence prevailed everywhere executions

manifestation to take piace.

Silence prevailed everywhere except in
the churches, which were already thronged with eager devotees, who prostrated
themselves before the shrines of their favorite saints, imploring their protec-tion during the fearful scenes which they supposed were about to be displayed.

As the day wore on, the number of those who sought admission grew greater and greater, until every corner of the sacred edifices, large as they were, were densely crowded; and it became impos-sible to find room for more. But the multitude outside still strove and still clamored for admission, filling the porches and doorways, and climbing up the buttresses to find refuge on the roofs which they could not obtain inside.

A strange and solemn commentary on the text which bids men to watch because they have been appeared to the course.

"they know not whether the master of the house will come at even or midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in morning," was presented by the multitude which filled the churches that night. Watch in very truth they did. Not an eye was closed throughout that lengthened vigii; not a knee but what was bent in humblest supplication; not a voice but what joined in the penitential chant, or put up a fervid entreaty for help and protection.

There were no clocks in those days, but the flight of the hours was marked by great waxen tapers with balls attached at intervals to them. These fell one after another as the flame reached the strings by which they were secured, into a brazen basin beneath with a clang which resounded through the church.

At the recurrence of each of these

Dr. Calhoun went to Washington to the poperator produces his money and the visitor examines it and determines him both as son and physician. In his arms his father died, and he was the only member of the family who attended to else the transaction suddenly two men enter the family who attended to else the transaction suddenly two men enter the death of his father Dr. Calhoun lost they onny wife also. He was each test the death of his father Dr. Calhoun lost they onny wife also. He was each test with consumption, upon which the standard to be Florida and pure the transaction and the visitor examines it and determines have a detective, so a detective, and proceed to place them also the transaction of the father Dr. Calhoun lost they onny wife also. He was each them the standard to be florida and pure the transaction of the father Dr. Calhoun lost they onny with the standard to be florida and pure the transaction of the father Dr. Calhoun lost the ground with the standard to be florida and pure the transaction of the father Dr. Calhoun lost the ground with the standard to be florida and pure the standard to be florida and pure the standard to be standard to be florida and pure the standard to be florida and pure the standard to be standard to be standard to be florida and pure the standard to be standard to